

me proceeded from the burning of a house, or, at least, of my boots and clothes.

About nine I arrived at this place, just as the Margrave was coming down to breakfast.

No one can be more friendly and attentive than he is to me, except that he has not offered to lend me a horse. I understand he is invariably niggardly in that respect; so, as the soldier says In some farce in answer to his friend, who asks him if he does not travel in his own coach—

"Moi et mon sergent nous profitons de la commodité du chemin, et nous voyageons à pied."

This is a beautiful place, and an excellent new house, fit for any kind of gentleman. The architecture is like all that of Mr. Holland—that, In short, of an ignorant man, who takes bits out of his books, and talks *humano capitice vice* *equi-nam*. But, as it is plain, *cela ne coûte pas*. It has nine windows in front, and a projecting colonnade of four Ionic pillars in the centre. You enter the south side by a large hall or billiard-room. The apartment on the right is the Margrave's, behind the principal

staircase, and on
the north front, the Margrave's. There
are a
drawing-room, dining-room and library—
the bed-
chambers excellent.

The park lies on each side of the
house, occu-